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it in the theatre, and she was one of the most clever and amusing of the Beefsteak Room guests. As a hostess, sitting in her round chair, with her hair dressed to *become* her, irrespective of any period, leading this, that avoid the other of her guests to speak upon their particular subjects, she was simply the *ideal*.

Singers were often among Henry Irving's guests in the Beefsteak Room—Patti, Melba, Calvé, Albani, Sims, Reeves, Tamagno, Victor Maurel, and many others. Calvé! The New York newspapers wrote "Salve Calvé!" and I would echo them. She is the best singer-actress that I know. They tell me that Grisi and Mario were fine dramatically. When I saw them, they were on the point of retiring, and I was a child. I remember that Madame Grisi was very stout, but Mario certainly acted well. Trebelli was a noble actress; Maria Gay is splendid, and oh! Miss Mary Garden! Never shall I forget her acting in "Griselidis." Yet for all the talent of these singers whom I have named, and among whom I should surely have placed the incomparable Maurel, whose *lago* was superb, I think that the arts of singing and acting can seldom be happily married. They quarrel all the while! A few operas seem to have been written with a knowledge of the difficulty of the conventions which intervene to prevent the expression of dramatic emotion; and these operas are contrived with amazing cleverness so that the acting shall have free play. Verdi in "Othello," and Bizet in "Carmen" came nearest solving the problem.

To go back to Calvé! She has always seemed

to me a
darling, as well as a great artist. She was
entirely generous
and charming to me when we were living for
some weeks
together in the same New York hotel. One
wonderful
Sunday evening I remember dining with her,
and she sang
and sang for me, as if she could never grow
tired. One